

Albert W. Aiken's Great Story, "Overland Kit," republished in response to the demand of thousands!

# New York Sunday Courier A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, ... 3.00.  
Two copies, one year, ... 5.00.

No. 264.



Kit slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers.

## OVERLAND KIT; OR, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "Witches of New York," "Wolf Demon," "White Witch," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD-AGENTS.

JUST as the full, round moon rose above the rocky peaks that hemmed in the Reese river, and cast her broad, bright beam down upon the little road that ran by the side of the stream, bathing hill, valley and rolling water in a flood of silvery light, the overland coach from Austen, bound for Ione, rolled up to Kennedy's Ranch.

The driver descended from the box, bawled out "supper," and the passengers commenced to alight from the coach.

Down from the box, from his seat by the driver's side, came a stout, muscular Irishman, upon whose honest and good-humored face was a broad grin, caused by the pleasant announcement of the dinner. He was called Patsy Doolin. From the interior of the Concord coach came a portly man, with a grave, staid face, lit up by large gray eyes and fringed by iron-gray hair. "Judge" Ephraim Jones was one of the principal citizens of the mining camp, known as Spur City, that lay twelve miles beyond Kennedy's Ranch, and was the next stopping-place of the coach.

Kennedy, the proprietor of the Ranch, greeted the Judge—every one called the merchant "Judge," although the only reason for the title was his grave and stately manner—with great respect.

After the Judge, came an elderly, white-haired man, with a fat, unctuous face, wherein twinkled two sharp little blue eyes. In form he was portly and commanding. An air of intense respectability sat upon him. He was evidently a man well to do in the world, and one who fully understood what good living meant. This well-preserved old gentleman was from New York city, and was known as Salmon Rennet—by profession a lawyer, and reputed to be one of the keenest in all Gotham.

After descending to the ground, the old lawyer turned to the coach, and gallantly assisted a lady out.

A young and beautiful girl, some two and twenty years of age. In figure, she was tall and straight, exquisitely proportioned, the rounded outlines of her form giving fair promise of a glorious womanhood. Her face oval; its complexion, the rich creamy hue of new milk, and the blush of the crimson rose-leaf blended; eyes, dark-blue, rich and lustrous in their light; her hair, the golden brown that seems to woo the sunbeams. She was called Bernice Gwyne. She was a wealthy heiress; orphaned, and the old lawyer acted as a sort of protector to her.

A strange motive brought the fair young girl and the astute, comfort-loving old lawyer to the wild mining region, known as White Pine.

A few words will explain.

Twenty years before the time at which our story commences, two brothers were doing business together in New York—two men of Irish descent, Patrick and Daniel Gwyne. Daniel was the father of Bernice. He died while she was but an infant. Bernice was taken in charge by her uncle, Patrick, who reared her as carefully as if she had been his own child. Patrick Gwyne had but a single scion—a son, some ten years older than Bernice, named Patrick, after himself.

Patrick, the father, was a steady, sober man of business; Patrick, the son, was a wild, reckless youth; all the fire of the old Irish blood was in his veins and swayed all his actions.

Vainly his father remonstrated with him upon his wayward course.

The blow that the anxious sire expected, came at last. In a drunken quarrel, in a gaming-house, young Patrick Gwyne stabbed one of his companions to the heart.

The blow really was struck in self-defense,

but the curse of Cain was upon the forehead of the reckless youth, and he fled in haste from the city where he had first seen the light.

Hot pursuit was given, for the dead youth came of a wealthy family, who burned to avenge his death; but, in the Far West, amid the pine-clad sierras, where the golden mass lies deep hid in the rocky "pocket," and veins of silver streak the quartz, the fugitive found shelter and bid defiance to pursuit.

Time, that in its flight brings forgetfulness in its train, covered young Patrick Gwyne and his crime from sight with the dark waters of oblivion.

The stern father, like the Roman parent of ancient time, cursed the son who had dishonored his race. He forbade the mention of his name within the household. The grave and silent man strove, in Bernice's love, to forget that he had once had a son.

Six months before the time that our story opens, old Patrick Gwyne died, leaving all his property to his niece, Bernice. The east son was not even mentioned in his will; though it was true that no one knew whether he was alive or dead, for, since the time of his flight from New York, ten years before, not a single word regarding him had ever been received.

Bernice waited until the estate was all settled up, and then coolly announced to Mr. Salmon Rennet—who, as the legal adviser of her deceased uncle, had charge of his affairs—that it was her intention to go to the Far West and discover whether her cousin, Patrick, was alive or dead, before she would touch one single penny of her uncle's money. Bernice had quite a little fortune of her own, inherited from her father.

The lawyer remonstrated, but in vain; the mind of the girl was fixed, and words could not turn her from her purpose.

She declared that she felt sure that her cousin was still living, and she would not touch the money that belonged by rights to him.

This determination puzzled the old lawyer greatly. He had little idea of the reason that impelled the girl to act as she did.

Bernice, the child of twelve years, had loved her cousin, the youth of twenty; loved him as a child, but, as she grew to womanhood, she kept his memory green in her heart. Every night before she closed her eyes in sleep, his handsome face floated before her eyes.

This love it was, deep down in her heart, a perpetual well-spring of joy, that caused her

to reject the suitors who had tried to win her smiles. It was this childish affection, strengthened by years into womanly love, which had brought her two thousand miles or more to seek the man who, for one wild act of passion, when the maddening fumes of liquor had fired his brain to frenzy, had been compelled to fly from civilized life and find a refuge amid the canons of the Far Western sierras, the haunts of the wolf, the red Indian, and the crime-stained white outlaw.

At Bernice's urgent entreaty, the old lawyer had consented to accompany her on what he, not inaptly, termed a wild-goose chase.

The great silver discoveries had just been made in the White Pine region, as the old lawyer and the young girl set out on their mission.

All California was rushing there, and, thinking Patrick Gwyne was rushing, he might be attracted there, too, the lawyer headed his course in that direction.

There was also another motive; Rennet had a son who had been in business in San Francisco, failed there, and had located in Spur City, the point to which the lawyer was now conducting Bernice.

The crafty and keen-witted old gentleman had formed a little scheme in which he needed his son's assistance.

Rennet had not the slightest hope of finding any trace of the outlaw, for whom Bernice was in search, but he had made up his mind to turn this Western trip to serve his own purpose. What that was, our story will tell.

Judge Jones, the Irishman, Mr. Rennet and Bernice, were all the passengers that journeyed in the coach.

"Come, hurry up your cakes, old hoss," cried the driver of the coach to Kennedy, the rancherman. The driver was called Ginger Bill, on account of his flowing red locks and beard.

In the mining districts few popular men but have some designation attached to their proper name.

"Oh, I ain't got time to tarry. I ain't got time to wait, old hoss!"

Billy sung at the top of his voice, cracking his long whip in the air.

"What's your hurry?" asked Kennedy.

"Why, I want for to stop this coach inter Spur City afore twelve, you bet! I want to git a chance to shake a leg at the Eldorado afore I turn in."

"Rock back Davy cuttin' up a shine,

Gal with the red ha' kickin' up ahind!"

"Supper'll be ready in a minute. Didn't

expect you so soon. You're ahead of time to-night."

"I'm just old lightnin' now, furst thing you know! 'Sides, I wanted for to make here 'fore dark. The road 'tween here an' Jacobville ain't all hunkie, arter sundown, since Overland Kit's taken to lookin' arter it," Bill said, significantly.

"Overland Kit? Who's he?" asked the lawyer, who was standing near by, with Bernice on his arm.

"Guess you're a stranger round hyer, ain't yer?" the driver asked.

"Yes, I am; but who is this man?"

"I'll never tell yer, as we used for to say in old Kentuck'; you're too much for me, stranger," Bill answered.

"You see, he's a road-agent," Kennedy added.

"Bogorra! they need somebody to be after luckin' to the road. Devil such a mane way I ever see'd afore!" exclaimed the Irishman, in disgust.

"I don't know whether I'm inside or out, anyway."

All laughed at the indignation of the Irishman.

"What is the meaning of the term road-agent?" asked the lawyer, who guessed at once that the name had some peculiar signification attached to it.

"Oh, they're a polite set of gents, who stop the overland coaches, an' in order that the poor hosses sha'n't have too much to draw, they kindly relieves the galloots inside of any gold-dust, silver bricks, or any valuables of that sort, that they may happen to have along with 'em," the driver explained.

"Robbers, in plainer words," Judge Jones said.

"Why the devil don't you fight the rappers?" questioned Doolin.

"The company pays me for to drive the coach, not for to fight," replied Bill, coolly; "that's extra, and ain't included in the bargain."

"But this Overland Kit?"

"The leader of the most awful, cussed set of road-agents that I ever heered tell on," said Kennedy, the ranch-keeper.

"What is he like?" Rennet asked.

"A good-sized fellow with his face kivered with a black mask, and all on his face that ain't hid by the mask, a big black beard covers. He rides a big brown hoss with four white feet and a blaze in the forehead; that ain't anything on four legs in the shape of hossflesh in

these parts that kin beat him. He drops onto the coach like a flash, goes through the passengers for all they're worth, an' then he's off ag'in, quicke'r'n a streak of greased lightnin'!"

"Supper!" howled one of the ranchmen, stopping the story.

All proceeded into the house to attack the eatables, but thoughts of the road-agents were in every mind.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SWOOP OF THE HAWK.

The meal was soon dispatched, and the passengers again assembled around the coach.

"Is there any danger of our meeting this Overland Kit between here and Spur City?" Remnet asked, just a little nervous at the thought.

"Not much; never heared tell on the critter the other side of the ranche, hyer. He's got a roost up in the rocks somwhere, 'tween hyer and Jacobville. I sp'eet, cos' he always swoop down, hawk-like, about ten miles from hyer. Maybe you noticed what the road runs through a big canon?"

"Yes, I did," the lawyer said; "but I should think that the troops stationed in Austen would make quick work of this fellow and his band." Remnet had noticed, as he passed through Austen, that a company of United States cavalry was stationed there.

"They've got to catch him first, you know," Bill said, with a laugh, "an' that ain't easy to do. He seems to smell out a sodger just as a cat smells out a mice. I've drove the coach over the road twice, filled with sodgers, expectin' that he'd come down on the coach, an' then they'd go for him. But, he never put in an appearance any time. He's a kind of a generous sort uv a cuss; he never troubles any miner with his little pile, but allers goes for the express company's plunder. I reckon they've swored a heap at him. He wen' through you, Judge, on'd, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied the merchant; "two thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust. It has always been a puzzle to me how he learned that I had that dust."

"Oh, he's sharp, he is!" chimed in the driver. "I reckon though, the sodgers will take him into camp one of these days."

"Then, good-by, Sal, come ag'in soon!"

"All aboard!"

The passengers clambered into the coach. Bill took a long pull at Kennedy's whisky-flask, climbed up to his seat, cracked his whip over the leaders' ears, and the coach rolled on.

The road winding round to the right, following the course of the stream, the ranche was soon lost to sight.

It was a glorious night. The bright beam of the moon made the way almost as light a by day. The swaying pines upon the hillsides, nodding sleepily in the gentle breeze, filled the mountain air with their strange balsamic odor.

The conversation of the three in the coach turned upon the subject of the daring road-agent. Judge Jones gave a brief account of his exploits.

"There are three in the band," said the Judge; "they have only been operating on this road for about a month. The express company has offered a large reward for their capture, but, as yet, they have eluded all attempts to arrest them. It is evident to me that these fellows belong to a regularly organized band, having spies in the principal mining camps, for their information regarding the coaches that carry valuables, and those that do not, is wonderful. They seldom attack a coach unless it has valuable express matter in it. The company are already out about ten thousand dollars, and they are sparing no pains to catch the rogues; but, as the driver said, they seem to seent the presence of the soldiers. It is a wonder that we have not been attacked, for we have some express matter that is very valuable."

"Why, I understand that the valuable express matter came from the mines," Remnet said.

"Gold and silver? Exactly; but the valuables we are carrying consist of Government notes for my bank," explained the Judge.

"It's a terrible risk to run," the old lawyer said, nervously.

"Yes, but if these fellows had attacked us, it might have cost them dearly. As usual, though, I suppose they have smelt out the trap," replied the Judge, significantly.

Hardly had he uttered the words, when the coach came to a sudden halt, that almost pitched the passengers out of their seats.

The Judge and the lawyer stuck their heads out of the coach windows, one on each side.

The coach had stopped in a narrow defile, partially shaded from the moonlight by the tall pines that grew on the sides of the ravine.

Some twenty paces up the road, just at the further entrance to the ravine, were three horsemen, ranged side by side, motionless as statues.

The flickering moonbeams, that stole through the branches of the pines, played in rays of silvery light upon the polished revolver-barrels which the three horsemen leveled at the coach.

"It's the road-agents!" exclaimed the Judge, withdrawing his head from the coach window as he spoke.

Bernice gave a little scream of fright. Almost at the same instant, the bright flash of ignited gunpowder broke upon the air by the side of the coach, and the sharp crack of a pistol rung out on the still night breeze.

The three in the coach looked at each other in astonishment, for the shot was fired close by them, and the smoke had floated in through the window.

"Hallo! what do you mean by that shot?" cried one of the masked men on horseback, advancing slowly toward the coach. His voice was harsh and commanding.

The full, black beard that came from under his mask, as well as the brown horse he rode, marked with four white feet and a bright blaze in the forehead, told that speaker was the notorious road-agent, Overland Kit, in person.

"Durned of I know," replied Bill. "I sp'eet one of the weapons inside went off at half-cock. 'Twa'n't fired at you, anyway."

"Tell them to throw their weapons out on the road, or I'll put bullet through you!" cried Overland Kit, sternly.

"Hold on your mule-team, now! don't be in a hurry," answered Bill, his natural coolness never deserting him. Then he bent over and addressed the two in the stage. "Gents, if you don't want to attend a first-class funeral to-morrow, jes' throw your wepons out into the road."

"I am not armed," the Judge replied.

"All co-rect!" exclaimed Bill; then he addressed the highwayman, who had ridden up to the head of the leaders. "The gents inside say they hasn't got any wepons."

"They lie!" returned the road-agent, promptly.

"Maybe they do; I'll never tell you," Bill said, calmly.

"Who have you got inside?"

"Judge Jones, of Spur City, and a fat cuss from the East, are the he-males; one lady," replied the driver.

"No! 11" called the highwayman.

The horseman on the right of the road galloped up.

"Draw a bead on the driver; if he offers to stir, put a ball through him."

"S'pose I want to scratch my head?" suggested Bill.

"If you don't keep your mouth shut, you'll catch cold," cried Kit, sharply. "No! 2!"

The other horseman galloped up.

"Ride down the road a dozen paces, and keep a sharp look-out toward Kennedy's. I've an idea that that pistol-shot was fired as a signal. There may be some nice little trap ready to spring upon us."

The horseman obeyed the order and took his station some hundred paces down the road.

Overland Kit rode up to the coach and peered in through the window.

"The slightest attempt at resistance will cost all of you your lives," he said, harshly. "Judge Jones, good-evening! Glad to see that you're looking so well. I fear I must trouble you to hand out the leather bag full of banknotes that you've got under your seat. I think that I'll open a bank myself in opposition to yours, and I want some notes to start on."

"You have been sadly misinformed, sir," said the Judge, making a great effort to appear calm.

"Oh, no! not much," replied the robber.

"Come, hand over the valuables. I suspect that you and the express company have got some sort of a trap arranged for me. You made altogether too much parade about that business in Austen. If you hadn't got a trap fixed, you would have tried to smuggle the valuables in, so as to have kept me from knowing which coach they went by. You fired that pistol-shot as a signal."

"I give you my word, I haven't a weapon, sir," exclaimed the Judge.

"Because you've flung it down in the bushes here, somewhere. You can't pull the wool over my eyes." The robber put his head still further into the window. As he did so, he caught sight of the pale face of the girl.

"Bernice Gwyne!" he cried, in great astonishment, while a violent shudder shook his frame.

All within the coach wondered at the knowledge of the road-agent.

Crack! Out on the still air rung the sharp report of a carbine shot.

"The soldiers, by heaven!" cried the robber, withdrawing his head from the window, and gathering up the reins of his horse.

Behind the bar, serving her patrons, assisted by a grave-faced Chinaman, was the woman who kept the Eldorado.

A woman!

No, only a child; nothing more.

A girl, barely sixteen; slight and fragile in form, with a grave and earnest face; the form of a girl, the face of a woman. Great masses of red-gold hair that gleamed in the candle-light like winding threads of fire, clustered around her temples, and hung in tangled masses down to her shoulders; clear gray eyes, large and full, looked out above the sun-kissed cheeks. The firmly compressed lips—that glowed with the carnation's hue, and were as soft and fresh as the rosebud kissed by the dew of the morning—shut over the little white teeth, and the peculiar lines about the mouth plainly revealed—to one gifted with the art of reading nature in the face—that the girl had a will of her own, and a mind far beyond her years.

Up the road dashed the robbers.

"Leave us a lock of your hair!" yelled Bill, as the two dashed past him.

Around the turn in the road came a dozen cavalrymen in hot haste. As the robber had suspected, the soldiers had wrapped the feet of their horses in blankets, and thus deadened the sound of their tread.

"Go fur'em!" shouted Bill, in high delight, as the soldiers, carbine in hand, firing at the road-agents, rode past the coach.

The passengers inside, regardless of the danger, looked eagerly out of the windows, anxious to see the fray.

On went the highwaymen, and close behind came the soldiers.

The pursued and pursuers swept onward through the dark and narrow defile and into the rolling country beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

They reached the summit of a hill; two of them disappeared over the crest, but the third, who was the leader of the band, Overland Kit, slackened the pace of his horse a little on the crest of the hill, turned his head and looked back, as if to laugh in defiance at his pursuers. A moment more, and he, too, disappeared.

When the soldiers reached the summit of the hill, and looked along the road winding down in the valley, no traces of the robbers could be seen. They evidently had turned aside from the road and sought safety in some one of the many canons that led into the hills beyond.

The fugitives were far better mounted, though, than were the soldiers, whose horses too, were in a measure hampered by the blanket stuff wrapped around their hoofs.

Soon the fugitives were out of range of fire.

the safe of the bank resisted the burglars, and in their efforts to force it they raised an alarm. This caused them to fly. They stole a horse and wagon from the stable of the village tavern, to aid their flight. A week afterward the horse was found hitched in the woods near Walcottville, almost starved to death; but it was impossible to determine in what direction the robbers had gone.

A bold exploit, but not productive of profit to the perpetrators.

"I might recount a dozen daring attempts of the same nature, though differing in their results; for in some of them they reaped a rich bounty, but it is not necessary, nor do I think you would be entertained by the recitals. If this should prove to be the same gang, and the very nature of their exploits would indicate that some such men as this Skelmersdale and the lawyer are at the head of the organization, it would be a feather in my cap to effect their capture."

"Then you shall have that feather. I see you think that they have met to-night to arrange some country expedition?"

"That is my idea exactly."

"And they may not meet in their rendezvous to-morrow night?"

"They might not; and yet they might."

"Let us trust to the might. We can arrange every thing for their capture. If they are there to-morrow night we'll take them, if they are not we'll wait until they are. We shall know whether they are in the house or not before we enter it."

"Of course. Your idea is a very good one, sir. Let's leave it so decided."

They had reached Second avenue during this conversation, and Ray turned here and led the way to the Bowery.

"Shall we go back to the house?" he asked.

"You and I will, as I have got a room close by there," answered Shaw; "but we need not keep Ossian and Chester out of their beds any longer. They can take a car here and go home. I should like to see what time they will leave the house; not much before twelve, I fancy."

"I should say not."

"There comes a car, Chester, hail it."

"I'm in no hurry to get home, sir."

"Nor I," added Ossian.

"And if you think you should require our aid—"

"I know I shall not. I'll come to the office the first thing after breakfast."

Peter Shaw signaled the car and it stopped.

"There get aboard, and good-night."

Chester and Ossian stepped upon the rear platform of the car, and it proceeded on its way up the avenue.

Peter Shaw and Frank Ray walked down the Bowery to Delancey street and turned into it proceeding to Chrysie, and passing the tenement block of houses.

The secret order of False Faces was their topic of conversation as they walked along at an easy pace.

Peter Shaw gave the detective a full account of his experience in the council-chamber, and his narrow escape from death. He was inclined to be very communicative with this young man. It may be that Ossian's assertion, that he could trust him, had something to do with this, but there was that in the speech and manner of the young detective that inspired confidence. Peter Shaw had conceived quite a liking for him.

They had walked back and forth down the street, going down on one side and coming up on the other, and watching the door that led to Doctor Watervliet's office until the clock struck twelve.

After this hour the passers-by began to diminish, and soon their footfalls alone awoke the echoes of the street. But a light still gleamed from Doctor Watervliet's office.

The street was now entirely deserted. A policeman came through one of the cross streets, paused on the corner above them and struck his club against the curbstone, giving the signal of "All's well." Then he passed on his way.

But, was all well?

Peter Shaw and Frank Ray thought so, and yet none of the False Faces had come forth.

The clock struck one. The light in Doctor Watervliet's office was extinguished.

"They are coming," said Ray; he and Shaw being opposite the house on the other side of the street when the lamp went out. "Let us go up to the corner, cross over, and meet them as they come out. They may drop some chance words that will give us an inkling of what they are about."

"A good idea."

As the members of the order came from the door they divided in couples, some going one way and some another.

Edgar Skelmersdale and Cebr Selkreg went up the street, meeting Peter Shaw and Frank Ray coming down. They paid no attention to them, however, thinking them two belated laborers going home.

" Didn't I tell you I could do it?" they heard Cebr Selkreg say.

"Yes; and it was neatly done. I think the game is in our hands now."

They passed on. Peter Shaw paused before a door, for this had happened at the portal of the house in which he had taken up his temporary residence.

"They are up to something, sir, as I told you," said Frank Ray.

Peter Shaw was thoughtful. "Yes, yes, evidently," he answered. "What game does he mean? It would be strange if Ossian's presentiment of evil should be verified. He is very shrewd. Somehow I can but think the game has something to do with me and mine. It was Edgar Skelmersdale. That man has been a bright on my life."

"And his companion was the villainous lawyer?"

"I suppose so—I do not know—I never saw this lawyer—that is not to know him. He must be the one called Nightshade, who had the deed that they wished me to sign," he added, musingly.

"Is this where you have taken up your quarters?"

"Yes; it is only five doors from the doctor's, you see."

Frank Ray laughed, saying:

"Quite handy! I suppose you feel like turning in now?"

"Yes; meet me at my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, or rather to-day, for the new day has begun."

"All right; I will be there. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

Frank Ray walked quickly up the street, and turned the corner. Peter Shaw stood in the doorway listening to the sound of his retreating footsteps.

The policeman returned upon his beat, paused again at the corner, and again struck the sign, "All's well."

Peter Shaw accepted it as a good omen.

"All's well," he echoed; "then let me go to bed and sleep."

He entered the house and ascended the stairs, groping his way up in the darkness by the aid of the banisters.

Before the door of the girls' room he paused and listened. All was still within.

"Sound asleep long ago," he murmured. "All's well."

He felt the way along the hall to his own door, unlatched it, and entered.

He struck a light, and then went to the door that led into the adjoining apartment and listened.

He heard the loud breathing of one in a sound slumber.

"All's well!" he said again, disrobed himself, blew out his lamp, and got into bed.

He was soon asleep, fatigued by the unusual exercise he had taken that night.

But he would not have slept so soundly if he had known what had taken place within the girls' room while he was absent.

The False Faces had met for action that night, but it was not a bank robbery that they meditated. They had been called together to aid Cebr Selkreg in his project of placing the girl known as Henrietta Ward in the power of Edgar Skelmersdale.

The little lawyer's plan was made known, and approved by the chief.

Six of the order were selected for its accomplishment: the chief, Nightshade, Hematite, Aconite, Croesote and Arsenic.

It was a device of the little lawyer's to give each member of the band, except the chief, the name of some poison or noxious drug, and by these names each member was invariably called in the council-chamber. Thus every member sunk his own individual identity in the order.

It is sufficient for our purpose to know that Nightshade represented Cebr Selkreg and Hematite Doctor Watervliet.

The doctor was a skillful physician, and a man of much learning and research, but of dissolute habits, and indolent. He had drifted easily and naturally into crime. His knowledge of medicine and surgery made him an invaluable member of the order, as their encounters with the police often resulted in dangerous wounds.

In his cabinet of curiosities the doctor kept the revolver-bullets that he had extracted from the limbs and bodies of his confederates.

In the present undertaking the doctor provided himself with a bottle of chloroform and a sponge. He had often used this volatile essence upon their nocturnal expeditions.

The rest armed themselves with knife and revolver, as was customary, though resistance was scarcely looked for in this instance; and each wore the false face and the long black cloak that gave such a phantom-like appearance to the figure.

Thus equipped, they ascended to the roof by the skylight.

Silently they glided along, one by one, headed by the little lawyer.

The stars twinkled down upon them, giving these dark, shapeless figures a ghostly look; only they were somber specters, and not robed in the traditional white.

Nightshade—the little lawyer had chosen a good name for himself—glided along until he reached the roof of the house in which the girls lived.

The city bells tolled the midnight hour as they descended through the scuttle.

"It is the hour when spirits wander," remarked Cebr Selkreg, jocosely, as he heard the bell.

He produced a dark-lantern from beneath his cloak, and pushed back the slide. Aconite did the same. Two streams of light were thrown before them, showing the halls and stairs. They proceeded with the utmost caution.

On the fourth floor Croesote was left as a sentinel. If any of the tenants there should look from their doors, he was to scare them into silence by the exhibition of his revolver. Aconite was left on the third floor for a similar purpose.

Only Cebr Selkreg, the doctor and Edgar Skelmersdale went to the door of the girls' apartment. Cebr picked the lock with a skill that showed experience and practice in the burglar's art.

They entered the room. The doctor saturated the sponge with the chloroform. The door of the bed-chamber was open.

One gleam from the lantern that Cebr Selkreg carried showed two heads, one with the black, the other with golden hair, reposing upon the pillow.

"Sound asleep—now, doctor," whispered Selkreg.

The doctor crept noiselessly into the bed-chamber, and held the sponge to the nostrils of the sleeping girls.

"All right," he said. "There's no danger of either of them awaking now."

Selkreg turned the blaze of the lantern full upon the bed.

"There she is, and she's a beauty!" he cried.

"Can you carry her alone?"

"Oh, yes," answered Edgar. "Get her clothes, doctor."

He wrapped the unconscious form of Etta in the counterpane, and raised her in his arms.

"Hold the light, Cebr," he said, "so I can find the way to the stairs."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Cebr; "if they take my head for a football! Wait a moment; let me lock the door again after us. That's the ticket! Gently; don't wake up any of these snorers."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

## Injin Dick:

### THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK,"

"WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE VENDETTA'S LAST ACT.

IN the cave of the Clear-grits lode sat a gloomy party.

At the head of the little table was the usually cool and quiet Mr. Brown, but now his face exhibited strong traces of nervous restlessness.

Close by Brown's right hand sat the burmester; his face sombre and weebegone. At the foot of the table sat Yuba and Shannon.

Bowers had just finished his relation of the death of the Mexican, Velarde. He was careful, however, to omit all reference to his short interview with the terrible Cherokee. He simply said that he was prospecting up the road and had sat down in the shade to rest and so happened to witness the encounter without the knowledge of either one of the parties.

A dead silence fell upon the little party when Bowers finished his recital, and as the Clear-

grit Sharp looked around upon his army, he fully realized that it would be a difficult job to induce any of them to undertake the task, the mere attempt to accomplish which had already cost two lives.

"Well," Brown observed at last, finding that no one seemed inclined to speak, "I suppose we must draw lots again to see who will try this job next."

"I reckon that I don't want none of it," growled Bowers.

"Bad cess to the likes of me if I try it," muttered Shannon.

The Clear-grit Sharp fully showed the annoyance that he felt.

"You all take water, eh?" he remarked, sarcastically.

"I crawlfish, ole man," Mr. Bowers admitted, with dignity.

"And both of you back out!" Brown demanded, addressing the two at the lower end of the table.

"Wa-al, I reckon that 'tain't much use to mince the matter," Yuba admitted. "I reckon on that it ain't lucky for to run ag'in in this long hained cuss."

"That's so, bedad!" Shannon chimed in.

"Then none of you want the job?"

"No sugar in mine," and Bowers smiled querulously.

"I don't take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

Brown relapsed into a deep study, drumming idly with his fingers on the table. Shannon and Yuba gazed upward at the dark roof while Bowers contemplated the tall candle that burned upon the table. Night had just set in when the plotters came together.

"I have an idea!" cried Bowers, suddenly.

Brown looked up at him with a quizzical smile.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I don't take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that I'm after just now, do you mind?" the Irishman exclaimed.

"I'm not take no stock in it," Yuba decided.

"It's not a coffin that

# THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newspapers in the United States and in the Countries of Domination. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-dealer or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00  
One year \$3.00  
Two copies a year \$5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always steamed, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## OLL COOMES' NEW STORY!

We shall, in Number 266 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, begin the splendid story,

## RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT.

BY OLL COOMES.

In which this admirable writer deals with a line of incidents and character of a decidedly original nature.

A road-agent, and yet not a great rogue—a boy in years but a man in acts and judgment—a dread and a blessing—a bandit and a gentleman, Red Rob is a hero not all fiction, who will make a sensation in popular literature.

## The Arm-Chair.

HARPER'S Easy Chair for March, advertises to the case of Mr. Tibbins, whose dislike of dogs impelled him never to enter the house of a man who kept canines, and gave them the range of house and grounds.

Tibbins is by no means an exceptional man. To enter a gate, and have a mastiff confront you with a growl or snarl—to pass a threshold and have a black and tan yelping at your heels—is delightful only to those who regard a dog with more affection than they can bestow upon a quarrelsome man or a crying baby. To the great mass of people a strange dog is a source of fear, and the house or yard which the dogs infest, is only entered with dread.

One thing certainly is incumbent on all owners of canines—to permit no friend or caller to be frightened or annoyed by the brutes. To subject a visitor to fright or alarm is a reception which the visitor will very justly resent; and if that annoyance is the ordeal to which all must submit who enter at gate or door, the dog owner can blame no person for refusing to accept his hospitalities.

A dog may be "man's best friend," but he is equally a stranger's greatest annoyance and a woman's greatest dread. Hence it behoves the dog owner either to retain animals that are utterly inoffensive, or to keep them wholly out of sight, if he would not lose the consideration of his friends and calling acquaintances. For ourselves we never enter a premises where a dog is likely to assualt us, even though he only barks or growls his dissent at our approach; and when assailed on the street by a dog of any value whatever, we shoot it at once.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Dream-day Dreamings.

One cannot keep the windows closed upon a dream-day. Surely, though perhaps almost unconsciously, the sash will be shopped up, and with arms crossed upon the casement we breathe in sympathy with the day. The day—a dream-day—such a one as comes but seldom in the list of the tireless, recurring three hundred and sixty-five, but coming fills the soul with unfeigned wistfulness, vague longings, glad enjoyment and sickening pain.

The sunshine suffuses all things with a warm, red glow; the walks are great uneven patches of dryness and moisture; the kindly earth, with its upturned, brown, homely face is glorified with smiling; the fickle skies bend lovingly and tender above their terrestrial charges with the look of a gentle maiden; all about among the brown trees—tossing their bare arms heavenward in supplication for verdure—the little quiet-hued birds flutter, and hop, and swing, trilling out pretty, tuneful snatches of song, and chattering in wild, exultant gladness.

You see the mottled walks, the sunshine floating in broad waves here and dripping red-gold drops down there, the darting to and fro of the birds, the silvery-azure skies—a delicate aureate mist lying low along the horizon—and the soft pulsing of the soft, aromatic air against your face, and yet are all the unconscious of the passers-by. Your senses are keenly awake to only those sights and sounds that make this dream-day—a day misty, sunshiny, balmy, melting, and softly murmurous with trills of glad life. You long for a lengthy stroll and loneliness; or, better, that perfect companionship that admits of silence. If not in body, at least in mind, you wander far away—

Far away! oh, so far from the present with its cares, its anxieties, its regrets, its haunting memories of mistakes, and follies, and sins, and failures! Oh, powerful floating, balmy air, on! bear us to those other days when life lay an enchanted vision before us. Bring again those fair hours when dreams seemed only embryonic realities; when perfection of physical and mental culture seemed so easily of attainment and so surely in store for us; when sore temptations were unknown, and we were blissfully blind to the amount of strength, endurance, perseverance and courage required to live an earnest, noble, upright life.

Ah! we may go back to those days, often, indeed, we remember them wearily, but never, never to re-live them! As we have reared the structure of our life so must it remain; changeless its dwarfed or deformed proportions, ineluctable the marks it bears of mistakes and weaknesses!

Oh! with what crushing anguish the knowledge comes to us—us, even, whose crown of years has not lost the gleam of youth—that the past is irredeemable! How hopelessly, sometimes, we think of the future; for with the record of the past before us dare we again indulge in dreams? Dare we hope to accomplish ought of good? Is it worth the trying when we have only the remnant of a life to weave, and be, it ever so truly now, so much of it will always show so worthless? Do we not grow wholly

discouraged, and while away time in vain regrets, when we think of the glorious possibility we held in our tiny child-fingers, and that we have let the years slip by without working it out into a grand reality, and that now the opportunity for perfecting a life is gone forever.

Forever! Did the red-gold sunshine drop into the heart with a song of words? Did the misty clouds dissolve into symbols appalling to the eye? Did the charter of the birds become syllabic? Did the balmy winds whisper something? Or was it an angel, saying:

"No, not forever!"

There are little lives, tiny mortals, sweet baby pets around us all, holding in their wee pink hands the same materials wherewith to rear a fair and perfect structure that we once held in ours. May we not help to shape their lives into the comeliness of our own? When their little feet would stray, we with gentleness, born of sad experience, can show them the better paths. We have outgrown the "dark ages" of medical science, and can train them into splendid physical development. We can black-ball all that was worthless, inferior, hurtful, in our literary development, and feed their minds upon pure, ennobling, good-inciting literature. We can make their education perfect in all wherein our own lacked. We can make their existence a dream of happiness with virtue the basis of all good.

No one who has childhood within the circle of their influence—teachers, parents, brothers, sisters—need despair because their own life-page is blurred and blotted. Cease to think of the past, save as an aid to the beautiful work that lies within reach of your hand. Remember that life at best is short, too short for you to put misery in it, and try to make these little lives very gladsome. Help them to be strong, to be practical, to be earnest, to be ambitious. Teach them the zest of work, that

"God gives no value unto men."

Unmatched by need of labor;" and that there is some duty for every soul to perform.

And you, dear girls, to whom these dream-days bring dissatisfaction, memories, mingled with visions of a future that holds a lover—a husband—a home—little sons and daughters—thank God that even your mistakes can help to perfect the little lives; that you can help to make them beautiful, happy, and what yours "might have been."

The perfecting of lives is a possibility always with us, so, back from retrospection of our failures, to the grand work of creating realities from our own unrealized ideals!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### UNNECESSARY WORRIMENTS.

Did you ever think how unnecessarily people worry over strange things? I have known many a one to be so troubled in their mind about a particular subject as to cause them a lifetime of uneasiness. It would seem as though the fate of the world depended on the solution of the question. They want to know who was Cain's wife? This conundrum worries them by day and deprives them of their rest at night. They write to editors about it, they buttonhole their ministers to propound the all-important question, and when the mystery still remains unsolved, they consider that the world isn't as wise as it should be, or the clergy do not understand the Bible as they should do.

It has always seemed to me that, if it was highly important for us to be enlightened on that subject, the Good Book would not have left us in the dark. And it also seems to me that one may get to heaven as soon as he or she dies in ignorance concerning the matter as if the whole affair were not such a mystery. I am well aware that some over "goody" folks will censure me and tell me I don't love the Bible as I ought. They are very much mistaken indeed in their conjectures. Still, I think there are a great many things in its teachings that we can follow without worrying ourselves into a fever as to what is left to our imagination.

I am not endeavoring to preach a sermon, my good friends, but merely striving to comment on "Unnecessary Worriment."

We fancy—and it is only a fancy after all—that friends are false to us, that they have ceased to love us and care no more for us, so when we meet them, we pass them by coldly, never stopping to question whether we are not to much, if not more, to blame than they. We worry over a seeming neglect and call the world cold, callous and heartless, while we are some of those who are endeavoring all in their power to make it so. A kindly word, a pleasant tone or a loving deed might bring back to us the most estranged friend. We break the chain of love and expect it can be mended by worrying over it. It cannot be done, and it is foolish to think it can be. Let us forgive the little slights, the petty scandal spoken about us; let us remember others are as mortal as ourselves—that faults may be on both sides, and let us cease to worry over trifles.

There are a great many writers for the press who worry for fear their ideas may give out and they be left with nothing to say, and thus lose their engagements. Some keep on with this worry until they find themselves in the condition they so much dreaded, while others throw aside their foolish fears and go to work bravely and confidently.

Your go-ahead workers are none of your whining worriers; they have neither the time nor patience to worry; it is stock they will not invest in, for they know it is like building a house on a sandbank. They feel assured it will not "pay." And they are perfectly right, for it will not. If the word of a Lawless is not to be depended upon, ask some one who has had experience that way.

Grandma Lawless considers it wicked to worry over our lot in life. I have just been reading over my writing to her, and she says: "Eve, my good girl, I haven't worried over Cain's wife, still I hope he got a good woman and one who made him a better man than he was before. Now couldn't you say something about folks worrying when company comes, for the bread won't be done enough, or the cake won't turn out all right, or the tea will be steeped too much? You can just tell them that their worry won't make things any better, and it may sour your disposition and that of your company." It seems sort of homely and commonplace advice, but it is good and "good advice is never out of place," you know, or you ought to know.

There are too many cases of real suffering all about us for us to fret over trifles. Here is a man who refuses to be comforted and rails at Providence, the world and mankind in general, because he has lost a few dollars in some unlucky speculation. And here is another who is putting his loved wife among the other members of the city of the dead. His grief is great, but he says, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of God." The will, not mine, be done.

Which is the more Christianlike and which most deserves our sympathy? Let us take our trials as they come, believing there is a Higher Power who rules our destinies—One who did not put us on this earth to have us fill it with unnecessary worriments. Eve Lawless.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

NATURE has provided a means, to be sure; but then, mankind has found many ways in which to improve upon that ancient dame. One might suggest that Mother Nature usually knows her business, but that would be totally irrelevant to the question.

In the first place you want to take a melancholy view of all things; there is nothing like jollity and good nature to keep people young; therefore, have as little to do with these as possible. Don't look on the bright side; you are sure to find so many pleasant possibilities there that you will find yourself lingering before you know over that process of growing old. Every cloud may have a silver lining, but it is not your purpose to look for that; it is your mission to forecast the storm it portends, with dread and misgiving; it may sweep away houses, endanger lives, destroy your property for all you know; therefore pull on a long face and go about solemnly as a churchyard, full of dismal forebodings.

Above all things fret and worry over the little trials of everyday life. There is nothing like this to plow wrinkles all over one's face.

Wear a fixed frown; be sure that nothing ever goes well with you as with other people; what may be a fancy at first will very soon grow to be a fact. Keep declaring that you never can get beforehand with your work, and I do assure you the truth of the remark will very soon become apparent. Be sure you try to accomplish in one day the tasks which might properly be distributed through three; have ironing and baking, churning and scrubbing all at once upon your hands; it may take from five in the morning to ten at night, and you may be ready to drop when you are through, but you will be upheld by a martyr-like consciousness that no one can accuse you of shirking duty, and the friction of such daily toils and cares can't help wearing out the vitality which might keep you young in spite of yourself.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the churning half done while you attend to the dinner; but all these things will give you more to fret about, and will set those three perpendicular lines between your eyebrows deeper, and decide those scattering hairs which have a notion of turning gray.

Possibly you may search John's best shirt and burn the bread: you may splash the scrub water upon the wall-paper in your hurry, and make the butter hard coming by leaving the ch

MARCH.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Hark! Eurus blows a piercing challenge note,  
Loudly defiant, Boreas' bugles sound; a  
Charging, they wrestle in cyclonic strength.  
Midst devastation marks the vantage-ground.  
'Midst shivering steel and clashing bayonet's gleam  
Swift through the ranks a meteor presence strides,  
Striking the blast-forged chains from storm-avex'd  
guards.

As mounting treason waning power derides,  
Shriek compost-wild thy clangor tocsin-peals,  
Jar with the falling shackles gleaming bright,  
Where now thy victor-banners, storm alight?  
Where now thy sheeny robe of gem-starred white?  
They treasured ermine-garb of royalty—  
Now dappled, soiled, a motley aspect wears;  
Unrested crag re-echoes muttering dire;  
Dismantled cliff thy tattered pennon bears.

Ay, glower on that ill-omened shaft of power,  
Send to me now thy rage! Dost thou take up  
The golden gauntlet, by her bright hand thrown?  
Fate-hapless monarch, seek thy tottering throne.  
Stained thy escutcheon by Defeat's chill breath;  
Thy howl of wrath, death muffled, scarce is heard;  
Thy triumph-chamber is thy couch of death!

## The Terrible Truth:

### THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE  
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-  
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE OLD LIFE TO THE NEW.

The bright August days went swiftly at Thornhurst. The month went out and September came in, and the time flew faster as the date of parting came near.

The fervid August heats were over on the sandy flats of Cape Cod. Life there never much changed all the summer through, and Nora chafed under the monotony as she never had done before. Before this she had been a careless, joyous child, giving little of real earnest thought to her future, dreaming some vague, misty dreams, indeed, all rose-tinted, golden gloria, as the bright, blith spirit could conjure. She had been content rowing her own little boat out upon the bay, singing the simple songs she had learned at the top of her clear young voice, tending her flowers or wandering the shore, and evading on every possible occasion her share of the household duties prescribed by Hannah. Nora never had taken kindly to domestic tasks. She hated the sight of a needle and deliberately walked over the broom when it was left in her way as a test of her order. But all this was changed of late. She lost her pleasure in the old boisterous sports. She went quietly about her tasks, fulfilling them in a most indifferent way, it must be confessed.

The child was coming round, Hannah said. She'd be a comfort and a blessing to them yet, Jabez and her, in their old age. Not but Nora had proved herself a comfort and a blessing to them thus far, but she had been something of a thorn in the flesh as well—at once the tribulation and the delight of their lives.

It was all changed, and Nora felt that she had grown old in this one August past. She had lost something which had made her life all joy and sunshine before; she had lost the freshness of her unlimited faith in mankind. Do not suppose that she was pining in secret, wearing her heart out because of Dare. He had hurt her cruelly, he had struck home to her sensitive heart the first keen pang it had ever known, but she had seen him in his true unworthy light, and she never could have cared for him again, never, if she had even known how much more real earnestness had been in his words to her than in the protestations she had heard him make as she stood concealed in Miss Ferguson's dressing-room at the Brewster Hotel. She doubted if she had cared for him very much after all, but he had hurt her—cruelly, willfully—all the same.

It was the very last day of August that Jabez came home from the town with a lagging, heavy step unlike himself, and a solemn countenance which aroused all Hannah's fears of fever or kindred calamity, and sent her in search of boneset and pennyroyal before he was fairly in the house.

"Do you feel down like, Jabez?" she queried, anxiously. "Be there something—a hammerin' in your head, or like a buzz-saw a-spinnin'? Hain't you dry and hot, and weak in your legs, and *nearly* some?"

Jabez shook his head dolorously, with a glance at Nora.

"Tain't anything of that sort, old woman. Tain't much of anything but that I'm thunderin' hungry and tired in the bargain. Here's the mag'zine for you, Nory; I reckon you'd been hoppin' if I'd come without it."

Nora took it, very tempting with its fresh wrapper and uncult leaves, and took herself speedily away to one of her favorite outdoor haunts. Then Jabez, very grave still, stopped Hannah as she was bustling about making preparations for the evening meal.

"We're a-goin' to lose Nory, mother," he said. Hannah looked at him, startled, speechless. She had expected this once, thought it to be inevitable. But so many years had gone by with no note of warning, she had let herself sink into a false security, thinking Nora would never be claimed. She sat down in the wooden rocker, her wrinkled face turning gray as she waited his explanation.

Slowly Jabez brought a letter up from the depths of his capacious pocket. He unfolded it with the great horny hands that trembled, and looked helplessly across at Hannah, a lump of which he was ashast rising up in his throat.

"Read it for yourself; mebbe you'd better," he said, and he passed it over. "I spelled it out down there to the office. Nory's father is dead, Hannah—died 'way off in furin' parts, and she's left to a friend o' his—that's comin' for her. Read it out loud o' you kin; you're quicker to make out words than I be, and peers to me I hain't got quite all the sense of it."

She lifted the letter and read it in a voice which was broken and uncertain. It was from Colonel Vivian, imparting the dying charge which had come to him from Edwin Carteret, and announcing his intention of coming for Nora soon. They might expect him on the tenth of September, and a check was inclosed to provide any immediate necessities she might need for her journey. A kind, considerate letter, alluding in a general way to his plans for the girl. He would take her for a short visit to Thornhurst, then she was to be sent to boarding-school for two years; she was to be educated to the position which was rightfully hers, and he would fill to her the part of the father she had never known. There was also a little note inclosed to her.

They sat still together after Hannah had ceased to read. The blow had fallen which

they had hoped might never fall. Nora was lost to them—Nora, the bright little creature who for fourteen years had been their greatest joy. Nora was to be made a lady as her mother had been; she would forget them with the fine friends who would come to her—but no! Nora was not ungrateful. There was comfort in the thought that she would never quite forget the faithful, humble old pair who had loved her as their very own. It was a sorrow come upon them too deep for words just at first, and when Nora came in as the sun went down, she found them sitting together still.

The solemn stillness and their changed, grave faces startled her. She met their eyes turned to her with quick apprehension.

"What is the matter, Hannah—is Jabez sick? Has anything happened?"

Hannah looked at Jabez; he made her a sign to answer.

"Something has happened, Nora—something concerning you. You're a-goin' away from us, deary. Read the letter, child; it'll tell you better'n I can."

Hannah choked back a sob as she handed over the letter and its inclosure. Nora started and not yet comprehending, crossed to the open doorway, the red glow of the fading sunset lighting the slight shape and glorifying that silky mass of floating hair. She read the letter through first, then glanced at the note addressed in her name—the name she scarcely knew, which had a strangely unfamiliar sound as she repeated it—"Miss Lenore Carteret." It was in substance not much different from the other, and transmitted her father's tender message. She stood there, watching the rosy light fade out of the sky, not speaking and not moving until a tremulous sigh from Hannah reached her ear. She was at her side in a moment, her arms about the old woman's neck, her fresh lips pressed against the withered cheek.

"Dear old Hannah, darling mammy, you'll be sorry to have me go, I know. I've been a trouble to you; I've teased you and been bad to you; I'm sorry, sorry, now, that I didn't do to better, Hannah. You don't blame me for being glad of this, do you? I can't help it if it's wrong, and I'll always love you and Jabez just the same. It will be so splendid to go to school, to grow accomplished and refined. There, don't cry, nursie—don't!"

Nora's own tears were flowing, an odd combination of happiness over the prospects opening before her and of sympathy in the sorrow of these old friends. Jabez put out his hand to stroke the soft bright hair with his horny palm, and darkness settled down over the three.

On the morning of the tenth day after that other equipage drew up before the fisherman's cottage, no less imposing in its magnificence than one which had fairly dazzled Nora's eyes scarcely six weeks before. But Nora was not dazzled now. She stood in the little porch, a slender figure in the soft, gray traveling-dress she was to wear that day, for Hannah had thought it best she should not go into mourning for a sorrow which she scarcely recognized as belonging to her. Her father was dead, but the Colonel Vivian of her note of ten days ago occupied his place in her thoughts.

She watched the erect, soldierly form as he advanced toward her, her heart fluttering, her breath short, but a moment later she laid her hand in his and looked up into the grand, kindly, rugged old face with frank, fearless brown eyes, quite composed and quite ladylike notwithstanding the fourteen years of her life passed upon this dreary, barren coast in care of a rude fisherman and his wife.

Colonel Vivian, looking keenly at her from beneath his shaggy, snow-white brows, noting her unaffected grace and simple assurance of manner, decided that she was a worthy daughter of his friend, Edwin Carteret.

There was not much to be said, now that the colonel had come. Nora's one little trunk was packed and waiting; her hat, with its floating veil like silver mist, lay upon the table with the little dark gloves beside it. There was nothing more but to say good-bye to the couple who had been to her the only parents she had ever known.

Colonel Vivian looked at his watch, told Nora if she did not detain him above ten minutes they would reach Brewster to catch the noon train, and with a few words to Jabez and Hannah strolled down to the shore. He had all of a man's horror of scenes, and did not come back until the last moment, when Nora came out to the carriage clinging fast to the hand of her old nurse, choking back a sob with the stern determination that she would not cry, and breaking down at the very last. Her new guardian hurried her into the carriage at that, the last good-bye was waved, and they rolled away smoothly over the sands of the shore.

Impulsive as her nature was, Nora was not demonstrative. She shed some quiet tears behind the misty silver veil, thinking of the sad house and mourning hearts she had left, but youth is never very long depressed. Her tears soon ceased to flow, and she glanced timidly at her guardian, sitting, a straight, commanding figure, at her side. Very wisely he had left her to herself at first. Afterward during their journey he devoted himself gradually to drawing her out, studying her nature, enjoying her surprise and delight over the novelties of travel and the sights which were commonplace to him.

They went by way of New York, stopping over a day and a night in the great metropolis. Colonel Vivian had a niece there, a handsome, cultivated woman and a recognized leader of fashion, doomed to seclusion this season by a death in her husband's family. This lady was drawn into immediate service by the colonel. Nora must have numerous expensive additions to her outfit. Wasn't there some place where woman's gear was turned out ready-made, and couldn't she just take the responsibility into her own hands of selecting such things as might be needed? Mrs. Grahame at first demurred. It was a task which would require a week's time to properly execute, but yielded after a little urging and a small blast from the irate colonel, "just to please her dear uncle," and compressed the week's work into one long forenoon.

On the fourth day, the afternoon train rumbling into Thornhurst station, deposited them two weary, dusty travelers. The home carriage was there awaiting them, a wide, luxurious vehicle with stately steeds and silver trappings, but Nora had grown accustomed to fine things by this, and sunk back complacently amid the soft crimson cushions.

"This is Thornhurst proper, my dear," said Colonel Vivian, as the carriage turned aside from the highway. "Yonder is the house—you can scarcely see it yet. Welcome home to Thornhurst, Lenore."

Nora roused herself, looking about with a vivid interest in the surroundings of this new home.

"Is that the mansion, Colonel Vivian?"

There was an accent of disappointment in her tone. She saw the building quite plainly, a

dark, irregular structure, not large, with an air of neglect and decay about it. The colonel's brows contracted as he followed the direction of her gaze.

"Not that, Nora. I would pull that old rookery down fast enough if I had control of it. Unfortunately it stands just outside the line of my jurisdiction. *That* place is occupied by a Mr. Walter Montrose, an Englishman by birth and education, a Southerner by long residence, and not much credit either to England or the South through such a representative.

It was one of the evil effects of the war to drive him into our neighborhood here, as surely,

disagreeable a man as I ever care to meet.

*There* is my home and yours to be for the future."

They swept a curve and came into full view of Thornhurst, of the stately mansion gleaming a fair sight in the afternoon sunlight, the wide lawns stretching in front, the gardens melting into orchards, the orchards into groves away at the back. Nora clasped her hands and gazed in speechless delight, and Colonel Vivian was satisfied. A couple of masculine forms strolled out from the shade of the elms as the carriage followed the winding drive which skirted the lawn.

"Who were those?" asked Nora, quickly.

"Those? The one to my right is my son, the other a friend of his, Mr. Owen Dare. Don't look so blank at the prospect of meeting gentlemen, my dear. You'll not be inflicted with their society very long, as they leave together for Europe to-morrow. He sprang from the carriage as it drove up at the door, handing her out with courtly gallantry.

"Once more welcome to Thornhurst, my child. See, that is my housekeeper at the head of the steps. My ward, Miss Carteret, of whom I told you, Mrs. Ford. Miss Carteret will prefer being shown to her own room at once. Try to get a good long rest before dinner, my dear."

The two young men coming leisurely up had but an imperfect glimpse of the little gray-clad figure as it vanished within doors.

"Hopes laid waste," said Vane, in mock resignation.

"Ah, well! we can exist till dinner, I daresay."

For reasons of his own, Colonel Vivian had given only the briefest explanation of his sudden journey. Vane had remarked his untimely absence a little wonderingly.

"I shouldn't have supposed the colonel would have put himself willingly out of the way up to the very eve of our departure," he had said to Dare. "This ward business might have waited for all I can see. However, it's probable the colonel knows what he is about."

The colonel did know what he was about, and it was not his cue to give Vane cause for a suspicion yet.

There was a tap at Nora's door, followed by the entrance of a rosy-cheeked, apple-faced girl, possibly two years her senior, just as the dressing-bell clangled through the still house.

"I'm Martha, the parlor-maid, if you please, Miss Carteret, and the colonel says I'm to wait on you while you're here. You're to be made to look your handsomest to-night, if you please, Miss, and leave everything to me. You needn't be afraid; I'm used to waiting on the ladies when they're here." Miss Ferguson would, as soon have me as her own maid, any time. Have you the key to your trunk, Miss—this one?" singling the larger with a glance, the one in which all the finery procured in New York was stored.

Nora produced the key, asking, indifferently:

"Miss Ferguson? Is she here now?"

"Oh, dear, no, and the more thanks! Gone close upon three weeks ago. A precious one she is to wait on—" and there Martha went down upon her knees and into the contents of the trunk.

"Will I do?" Nora asked, shyly, as she floated down where her guardian awaited her at the foot of the stairs, half an hour later.

"Couldn't be better," he assured her, with an approving glance of his keen eyes, and on his arm she floated further into the drawing-room, and the presence of the two young gentlemen waiting there. She was all in white, with blue ribbons in her hair, but the dress was the finest of India muslins, embroidered and ruffled, the ribbons the very best *gross grain*.

"Miss Carteret, Mr. Vane Vivian, my only son. Mr. Dare, my ward, Miss Carteret."

There was a malicious gleam in Nora's eyes, as she observed the surprise of both the disconcerted air, quickly suppressed, of one. They acknowledged the introduction in due form, Vane with an amused, provoking smile, telegraphing a glance at Dare behind the colonel's unsuspecting back. Nora was thoroughly self-possessed. She chatted with her guardian all through the dinner hour, responding freely to Vane, passing a casual remark once or twice with Dare, but never once betraying the slightest previous knowledge of either.

"A thorough-bred, if ever I saw one,"

she said, with a thrill of dawning admiration. "Turning the tables on Dare with a vengeance, too; a fair return for his treatment of me. Odd that she should be the colonel's ward."

Dare, amazed and bewildered at first, soon understood the case better. He recalled Hannah's story—her assertion, which had passed for little or nothing with him then, that Nora was the most beautiful girl he had ever known.

How fair she looked, how sweet, how tantalizing in her utter indifference, admirably assumed, as he felt it must be. He was not giving her credit for having penetrated to his depth, or overcoming her own folly. Already the security of possession had taken the edge of Dare's passion for the glowing Southern beauty, for whom he had burst all bounds of prudence. He turned even more than his old admiration and recognition of glorious possibilities to this fair, childlike vision.

"How you have taken me by surprise, Nora," he found an occasion to whisper, just before they parted that night. "Is it possible that late prosperity has obliterated your recollection of old friends? I can scarcely recognize the Miss Carteret of this evening with my little Nora of the coast."

"One and the same person nevertheless, Mr. Dare, but never 'your little Nora,' let me observe. And I should not suppose you would

have any difficulty in reconciling the two. A creature of oddities, freckles and red hair is not

very apt to change personality all in a twinkling."

"The deuce!" thought Dare, as she walked away. "I was right in my conjecture, then. It was she who occupied the dressing-room that day."

"A charming little creature, don't you agree with me, Vane?" asked the colonel, after she had taken leave of them for the night.

Whatever Vane's private opinion may have been, it was no habit of his to commit himself very definitely.

"Well, now, that might be a little too sweeping an assertion," he answered, lazily. "Modifying a trifle in style and without that flaming mane, Miss Carteret would be rather tolerable, I fancy. Red hair always was my pet aversion."

Nora roused herself, looking about with a

vivid interest in the surroundings of this new home.

"Is that the mansion, Colonel Vivian?"

There was an accent of disappointment in her tone.

"This is Thornhurst proper, my dear," said Colonel Vivian, as the carriage turned aside from the highway. "Yonder is the house—you can scarcely see it yet. Welcome home to Thornhurst, Lenore."

Nora roused herself, looking about with a

vivid interest in the surroundings of this new home.

"Is that the mansion, Colonel Vivian?"

There was an accent of disappointment in her tone.

"This is Thornhurst proper, my dear," said Colonel Vivian,

referred, where its outlines were darkly defined through wild, untrimmed foliage. The same house she had taken for Thornhurst mansion on the occasion of her first coming there, as she recalled when they approached it.

"What a very beautiful face the young lady has, and how queenly she is! I wonder if she can be the daughter of that Mr. Montrose my guardian seemed to so heartily dislike?" Nora mused.

She was assured of it a moment later. A tall, thin, elderly man, with hard but not unhandsome face, appeared in the doorway—Mr. Walter Montrose. His features were regular, his lips thin and compressed, his forehead slightly receding, his eyes steely blue and keen, his dark hair scarcely touched with age.

"The ladies from Thornhurst, papa," said their guide. "They have met with an accident; their carriage broke down in the lane. I told them you would see if there was any repairing it for their return."

"The ladies from Thornhurst?" Mr. Walter Montrose gave them a keen glance. "Then this young lady is Colonel Vivian's ward? If the accident prove no serious one, I must rejoice that it brought us this honor. Have you become acquainted with my daughter, Miss—"

"Carteet. And I know that this is Miss Montrose," Nora gave her hand frankly, and then introduced Mrs. Hayes in due form.

The accident proved simple enough. A defective nut had given way, but a substitute was found, and in a very few moments the carriage stood in readiness for their use.

"We only stay a few days at Thornhurst," said Nora, as they took their departure. "But I do hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, Miss Montrose. May I come again?"

"If you like," and a pleased smile illuminated the dark, beautiful face. Nora would have liked to add an invitation for Miss Montrose to visit her at Thornhurst, but felt she was not at liberty to do so without first consulting Colonel Vivian.

"How imprudent to have associated so freely with those people," reproved Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes, who had been unyielding as the emblem of frigidity itself, during their homeward drive. "They are low, ordinary persons from all appearances."

"I never saw a more perfect lady," Nora averred, "and Mr. Montrose quite as much a gentleman. I think I never saw more lovely eyes."

"It is an opportunity you must not neglect, Venetia," said Mr. Walter Montrose, watching the little basket-carriage as it rolled away. "Girl-friendships are easily cultivated always, and this one will secure you an entrance to Thornhurst."

A bitter smile played over the rare, full lips.

"Did you observe how careful she was not to ask me there? She knew us, and of course knows Colonel Vivian's hearty dislike. I do not see that Thornhurst is nearer than before."

"You must make it nearer," he said, in the quiet, decisive tone from which she knew there was no appeal. "You must make it nearer! Haughty, purse-proud, over-bearing people though they be, you are equal to them now, you may be far above them one day, though that is a meager hope. At any rate, never forget what blue blood runs in your veins, and hold your own with them as you have the right. You can win your own way if you like, and you must like, after the first. Yes, you must turn this to account and get admitted to Thornhurst, Venetia."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

## The Rival Brothers: OR THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL  
MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XV.

EVERY FIRST PROPOSAL

The chambres a coucher, as Madame Moreau's young ladies styled what common people call their bedrooms, were situated on the third floor of the pensionnat; and all along that third floor, one moonlight night, about a week after the rainy afternoon on which Eve and Hazel quarreled, a long row of lights twinkled. In these apartments, sacred to youth, beauty, innocence, and all that kind of thing, the whole troupe of pensionnaires above the age of ten were gathered; and great was the bustle, and chattering, and confusion reigning within. Bustle and confusion, in fact, had been the order of the day. The whole school was in a state of unprecedented excitement, thinking and talking of nothing but the two great events about to take place—the departure of Eve and Hazel for England, and Madame Schaffer's grand farewell-party, given the night before their departure, in their honor. The misery of parting, which had cost the young ladies copious showers of tears during the past melancholy week, was lost sight of to-night. They were all sorry, no doubt, but poor caged darlings! we all know how sweet parties were in our boarding-school days. Oh, the Elysium dreams of the sweet youths we were to dance with; the delicious visions of ice-cream, jellies, bood turkey, and blanc mange that floated before our mind's eyes; and how utterly we forgot the existence of Lindley Murray, the rule of three, and the dismal tomorrow, in the whirl of the waltz and the glare of the gaslights. So the pensionnaires arrayed themselves in all the purple and fine linen allowed in that bread-and-butter-eating age, and giggled, and gossiped, and lost sight of altogether the heart-rending parting so close at hand.

In one of these rooms, all littered over with garments, books, half-packed trunks, and traveling-bags, two demoiselles were putting the finishing touches on their toilet. The one who stood before the glass, eying herself complacently from tip to toe, had her small and very roundabout figure draped in a swelling amplitude of pink gauze, very low-necked, very short-sleeved, white and red roses looping up the full skirt, clasping the corsage, clasping the sleeves, and wreathed in and out the bright brown hair. But the red roses paled before the peony hue of her cheeks, flushed with excitement; and the stars of Cancer, glittering in the June sky outside, were not brighter nor starker than the shining brown eyes. She had just drenched a pocket-handkerchief in Jockey Club, filling the room with perfume, and flirting out her gauzy skirts, she twirled round like a whirlwind, and settled suddenly down before her companion, in what children call "making a cheese," her pink dress ballooning out all around her.

"Ma bonne cousinne! ma chere Princesse! my darling Eve! how do you like me?"

The young lady addressed stood at some distance, drawing on her gloves. At all times, in any dress, Eve Hazelwood must be beautiful,

but she looked unusually lovely to-night. It might have been that her dress was most becoming; amber crape, with trimmings of rich lace and creamy roses; her only ornament a slender gold chain and cross, and the glossy black curls falling in glittering darkness over her shoulders. If Hazel was flushed, Eve was pale—something unusual for her—and that and the pensive look her sweet face wore gave, perhaps, the new charm to her fresh young beauty. She and Hazel had smoked the calumet of peace, though Miss Wood had not gone to the ball, and Mr. Paul Schaffer had heard the whole affair, and formed his own opinion accordingly. She looked up now, and surveyed her cousin with a critical eye.

"You look in good health, for your face is as red as your dress, but you smell rather strong for my taste. Why do you use so much perfume?"

"Because I like to smell nice; and gentlemen are something like hounds—they follow the scent! Doesn't my dress fit splendidly?"

"It's a great deal too tight. You'll burst out of your hooks and eyes before morning."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" indignantly.

"You wouldn't have me go in a bag, I hope! It fits like a worsted stocking on a man's nose!"

"Now, Hazel, you know you broke three corset-laces screwing yourself up before you could get it in! You'll die of a rush of blood to the head, if you are not careful!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Hazel, in a subdued tone; "I feel as if there was an extra quantity of the fluid up there now. But what is one to do? I can't go looking like a hog-headed round the waist, and I must lace up to be a decent figure. I don't see why I can't be just and gentle, like you; it's dreadful to be so fat as I am!"

"It's a harrowing case, certainly," said Eve, laughing; "and what's more, I am afraid there is no help for it. However, Paul Schaffer doesn't mind—"

"Dear, darling Paul," burst out the gushing Miss Wood, her eyes dancing fandangoes in her head. "Oh, Eve! isn't it good of him to come to England with us, all on my account? Nobody need say, after that, he doesn't care for me!"

This fact was quite true. Monsieur Paul Schaffer had, to the surprise of every one, announced his intention of going over the Atlantic in the same steamer with Doctor Lance and his wards. Hazel's first sensation, on being told of her removal to another land, had been one of intensest dismay. What will Paul say? How could I leave Paul? had been her first distracted thought. Paul settled the matter at once.

"I have been waiting to visit Old England this long time, petite," he said coolly, "and now is the time. I will go over with you, my darling, and see what kind of place this ancestral home of you Hazelwoods is."

And from that instant Hazel's earthly happiness was complete.

"I don't see why you can't like him, Eve," she said, petulantly; "you have no right to be so prejudiced. If I lost him," with a little passionate gesture, "I should die!"

There was so much of desperate earnestness in poor Hazel's tones, that Eve was touched. She took the burning cheeks between her cool hands, and bending down, kissed her.

"My darling, I will try to like him for your sake, but he is not half good enough for you!"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"Is it? I know nothing about such things; but it seems to me he should speak to our guardian."

"What! to that old death's-head-and-crossbones, Doctor Lance?" No, thank you. Wait till we go to England, and then I know he will ask our other guardian, cousin Arthur. He cannot be such an old snapping-turtle, surely, as this one."

"Hazel, look here. Is he my cousin, too?"

"I tell you he is! He is good enough for a princess!"

"Not for me!" laughed Eve. "I would not marry him if he were to make me a queen! But all to their taste. Are you engaged?"

"No—yes—I don't know. He loves me, and I him—that's enough."

"No, by all the saints!" responded Don Lorenzo, fervently, and the glare of hatred in his eye confirmed his words. "If I told thee the truth about that, thou wouldst not ask me that question."

"Then tell me the truth," she said, coldly; withdrawing from him as she spoke; "we are near enough, my lord, to speak to each other. Keep your distance."

Something in her tone warned the Spaniard not to presume too much.

He took his seat in a chair, motioning to her to occupy the couch. She followed the motion, and asked:

"Well, my lord, what have you to say about your trip to the Adriatic, and your various adventures with the Countess Milleroni? What would you of her?"

"Vengeance!" answered Lorenzo, savagely, his eyes glowing. "She and her cursed Swiss lover together thwarted me and humiliated me, and vengeance on both will I have. I began with him. Oh, Julia! I made him suffer yesterday. I fought him and wounded him sorely. And then, in his full view, I made love to his mistress, as he lay wounded in a poor fishing-smack. The fool took it to heart so much that he fled from Venice. That's why I took my trip to the Adriatic."

"Well, sir, continued the girl, coldly; "and what about the lady? What do you intend to do about her?"

"To make her love me," said Bellario, coolly, "and then to break her heart, and torture it as I tortured his."

"A wise plot, truly; and what is to hinder thee from learning to love her?"

"Thou!" said Don Lorenzo, softly, kneeling at her feet; "thy love alone, which passes all woman's love, for thou, Julia, art the only woman that ever I loved or can love."

"You say, truly?" she observed, with a strange look out of her blue eyes, "I am the only woman you shall ever love again; and you shall love me as you never yet loved any woman, false and cruel one."

He looked doubtfully at this fragile little being, who spoke so mysteriously. But the strange girl suddenly bent forward and placed both hands on his shoulders.

"Lorenzo Bellario," she said, "we two are bad. One as bad as the other. We should be true to one another. Can you be true to me, forever?"

And she looked as though she would read his soul with her keen glance. He faltered a moment before those eyes.

"Why not?" he asked, at last.

"Listen," she answered, solemnly, "as long as you are true to me, I am true to you. I loved you first, and I thought you loved me, and me only. But I have seen Annetta since, and she has told me who you are. I knew then for the first time that you dared to approach me, Julia Dandolo, daughter of ten generations of princes, as a light o' love. Be it so, my lord. I forgive you the insolence, because I am a fool, for the love of your beautiful eyes. But be warned. Love me now, and love me wholly. Let not a thought of your heart go out toward another woman in Venice, or you will repent the moment before you are a day older. I know you, Don Lorenzo, thoroughly, and I hold you in the hollow of my hand. I love you very much, but I can hate you as you never were hated, if you make me jealous."

She looked into his eyes with such a deadly glitter in her own, that Don Lorenzo, bold as he generally was, shuddered slightly. This little, delicate, fair-haired girl, for one moment looked like a perfect fiend. The next she became the soft, melting angel, that twined her arms round his neck, and whispered:

"Dost thou love me, Lorenzo?"

He strained her to his breast, and pressed a fervent kiss on her lips. She returned the caress for a single instant, and then sprang away, laughing maliciously.

"And so Bonetta has left Venice, and the field is clear for Don Lorenzo to woo the beautiful countess?" she queried. "How his wooing would have sped if that naughty Julia had not come to spoil it! How my lord would have enjoyed the game, with his beautiful eyes languishing on the sweet countess, and—oh, I've a mind to kill you!"

She suddenly broke off, the very incarnation of jealous fury, her eyes darting flames of fire, the little dagger, so slight in appearance, so terrible in reality, convulsively clasped in her hand.

Don Lorenzo felt like a man with a dangerous serpent confined in his room, which he dared not approach.

Then her mood changed again, and she laughed as she continued:

"And so poor Bonetta corresponded with the Turk! How strange that two captains of Venice should do the same thing—is it not, Lorenzo?"

He Spaniard turned pale from some hidden cause.

"What do you mean?" he faltered.

"Daoud Pasha writes a great many letters," was the enigmatical answer; "I once saw a commission, filled out by him in the name of one—"

The Spaniard made but one bound to the corner of the room, where a small iron door opened into the wall. It was standing ajar.

He flung it open, and revealed a small cupboard, perfectly empty and bare of anything.

Then he turned round, ghostly pale, his eyes flaming like torches, and leaped upon the slender figure of the girl-passion with a fierce:

"Where are they? Hell's malison on these! Where are they?"

She sprung back and struck at him with the dagger, with flashing eyes and the fury of a wildcat, and the Spaniard again recoiled before her.

"How dare you?" she cried, her little figure stiffened and erect, with presented weapon, the incarnation of angry repulsion—"how dare you speak to me like that?"

He suddenly altered his whole attitude, and sunk on his knees before her, with bowed head and clasped hands.

"Oh, Julia," he said, with beseeching eyes;

"I yield to thee forever. Thou hast conquered me. Be merciful, for I am in thy power. Annetta has betrayed me."

She stood looking down at him, with heavy-breast, for some minutes. Then she slowly sheathed her dagger.

"Don Lorenzo Bellario," she said, slowly;

"you say true. Annetta has betrayed you. Women cannot be clamped on forever without turning at last. I have your papers safe. I promised Annetta to keep them for her safety. I know how long she would live, if had her back here. Now open those doors, and mark my words. Let Annetta come to see me every day. Send her to me. I will see that you do not become too ardent in your pursuit of my excellent cousin, now that Bonetta is away. Poor Bonetta! How strange that he should correspond with Daoud Pasha, too!"

Don Lorenzo looked up at her. There seemed to be some hidden meaning in her words. But whatever it was, she did not explain herself.

"He called me out on a trife," answered the other, "and wounded me sorely. Well, that

"Open the door," she said, quietly; "you have angered me to-day, Don Lorenzo. See that you fail not at the window to-night. Then I shall know you are not with Estella."

"I will be there," he declared, humbly; "Ah, sweetest Julia! If I did not love thee so much, should I have let thee tyrannize over me as thou hast done?"

"And my stiletto," she said, sarcastically;

"give it its due weight, signor."

Don Lorenzo was kneeling close beside her as she said this. With a sudden movement, which she could not arrest, he clutched her wrist with one hand, while he passed his arm around her and seized the other arm from behind, holding her powerless in his iron grip.

"Now, tigress," he said, with a grim smile, "will you betray me?"

She looked up at him, with the first natural look of love she had yet shown.

"Betray you, Lorenzo?" she said, softly; "I have saved you, foolish man?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, feeling her form quite limp in his arms, for she had ceased to struggle.

"That I have banished your foe," replied Julia. "You can have your revenge on Estella when you like. I will help you in it."

"Then when have you been doing all this time?" he asked, relaxing his grasp, in his as-tonishment.

"Foiling Don Lorenzo," she answered, suddenly springing away, and presenting her dagger, with a laugh.

Then, as suddenly, she sheathed it, and held out her hand, frankly.

"A true, Lorenzo; we have played a cross purposes long enough. Thou lovest me, and I love thee. We both hate Estella, and we will have our revenge. Annetta shall take my place from time to time, and I will be thy page, for I am a fool and I love thy beautiful eyes, in spite of all I know of thee."

The strange, whimsical little creature threw her arms around him, and pressed her lips to those eyes she praised. Don Lorenzo looked at her with a long, yearning gaze, as he held her in his arms.

"Little witch!" he murmured, softly, with a sort of sigh; "thou hast done what never woman did before—made me love thee."

"I know it," she returned, with her peculiar searching look; "but, oh, we shall both torture each other, for thou hast done the same to me."

He could not understand her meaning, and said so.

"Oh! you will know some day," she declared, shaking her bright curls; "but I know who will pay for all our tortures."

"Who?" he demanded, puzzled.

"Estella," she answered, savagely. "Her heart shall bleed a drop for every pang she costs my darling and me."

She kissed him in a strange, fierce way, and then leaped back.

"Open the doors," she ordered; "I would go forth."

Without a word, he obeyed her commands as if she had been a queen; and she flitted down the steps of the palace, as rapidly as she had come. Don Lorenzo saw her jump into the gondola, write something on the tablets she wore at her girdle, show it to the gondoliers, and move off toward the Dandolo palace.

Full of conflicting thoughts, the Spaniard returned to his room, and shut himself in alone, till long after dark.

### CHAPTER XIII.

COLA BOTARMA'S PUPIL.

SIX months have passed since the day on which Don Lorenzo Bellario fought his duel on the Island of San Antonio, and since the disappearance of poor Captain Bonetta, under attack of treason to the Venetian Republic.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

During these six months the stranger, who went by the curious name of the "Slave of Love" in the city of Florence, had mended his old friend, Murph. Toole. The party that had passed by was indeed Dugrand's Man-hunters.

Almost immediately after the avenger fired the shot that forever ended the earthly trail of Red Jack Hawk, one of the men gave warning of the burning prairie. It was just possible that the green timber of the grove might resist the fire, but the borderers resolved not to risk that, when the matter could be so simply arranged, and the sword was given to kindle fires and was dropped by the keeper of vengeance.

## MY FIRST DANCE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

How grand I went upon the floor,  
The bus-room floor at Heaton's!  
Stayed in my first long-tailed coat  
And other go-to-meetins' s.

My partner stood beside me there  
With sweetest of sweet faces;  
I thought the taller hit it right;  
When he said, "In your places."

I bowed and bumped my partner's head  
When "Honors all" was spoken;  
All much did we fall indeed,  
Too much bowed down and broken.

I "balanced to my partner" with the  
Greatest hesitation.  
And treading on her dainty toes  
She screamed in aggravation.

At "Right and left" I went both ways;  
So greatly did I rue it  
I wished the floor-cracks wider yet,  
So I could have tugged through it.

I "Swung my partner" with such force,  
Of shadow of perdition!  
That she whirled seven times around,  
And shattered the partition.

"Balanced to the next," and oh!  
I lost my balance badly,  
And came full length upon the floor,  
From which I got up ready.

Promenaded all, and then trod  
Upon the floor and tore it!  
All cutting were the words with which  
The owner did deplore it.

I thought that dancing was a forte  
I stood small chance to win on;  
My partner of her chignon  
Deemed such pleasure was a fraud.

A very great day I somehow put  
For at each song I somehow got  
The dances in confusion.

Frolics forward there, and back!  
Alas for such a calling!  
I backed against a man and sent  
Him on the floor a-sprawling.

And in the scene succeeding this  
Somebody clutched my coat-tails,  
And in the twinkling of an eye  
My partner one of us.

And so the woful dance went on;  
I thought they'd ne'er get through it;  
My partner trod upon my corns  
On purpose, and I knew it.

How blessed the order, "To your seats!"  
And there we went a-caperin',  
And then to crown the aggravation and hu-  
miliation of the moment in my haste I  
sat down.

Upon my partner's apron.

The Snow Hunters:  
WINTER IN THE WOODS.

VII.—The Moose "Ravage."

For two days after the storm the party went but a little distance from the cabin, spending their time in hunting the rabbit, partridge, and the snowy owl, and in fishing through the ice. The high wind had cleared the ice of snow, and its surface was as bright and sparkling as ever. One day Indian Alf borrowed snow-shoes from Dave, and went out across the snow. Mr. Tracey said that he would never come back, but the guide shook his head.

"Ef the boy ain't killed he'll come back, Mr. Tracey. You must larn one thing about an Injun: when he's got a good thing he'll try to keep it. He stuck to Bill Becker 'cause he was the best pardner he c'ud git, but he ain't fool enough to put Becker 'longside o' me, Alf ain't. He's got hopes that, ef he behaves himself, I'll take him fur a pardner, an' so I will fur he's a born son uv the forest an' knows his little biz on a raft, Alf does."

The guide was right. When the day was nearly spent, Alf came flying back across the snow, at rapid pace, bearing upon his shoulder a string of beautiful partridge, which he threw down before the fire.

"Any noos, Alf?" demanded Dave, quietly. "Big heap noos?" answered the Indian, in a hurried tone. "All'time big heap mouse in a ravage. Me see 'um. All yite, you bet ye; I say so!"

A "ravage!" Not many of my readers, perhaps, but have heard something of the peculiar habits of the giant denizen of the Northern woods and forest—the moose. In passing through the forest in winter, the hunter will come upon a sort of circular pen where the snow stands in a bank around a piece of ground from which the snow has disappeared, and the grass beneath is cropped short by some animals. It is a moose "ravage," where the herd have trampled down the snow and then rooted it aside, to get at the grass beneath. The place generally is some sheltered valley, where the grass has grown rank during the summer months, for the moose seems to remember his best stamping ground during the summer season, and to return to it in winter. Alf, in his tramp through the woods, had accidentally "lighted" upon such a place, and had returned to tell his new friends of the sport before them.

Dave Blodgett started to his feet, all the old hunter's ardor aroused by the thought of what was before him. The blood tingled in his veins as he recalled old-time struggles with the giant of the woods—the moose.

"Yah, hip!" he yelled. "Alf, I'm yer friend fur life. A moose "ravage"? What is it—what is it? Why don't we git fur it now?"

"Stop little, Dave!" rejoined the Indian; "good ways to ravage, you bet ye. Mornin' we go. To-day we no go."

"I kain't wait," muttered Dave. "War they big fellers, Alf—lots of old buck moose, with horns like fan coral an' feet like gun-boats?"

"Big heap moose, you much bet?" was the reply. "Me see 'um, root round like pig. Little papoose moose, squaw moose—all's same—mighty big heap me catch."

Dave was on nettles all that night, and at early morning the party, equipped with snow-shoes, took their way across the snow, guided by Alf.

If you have never seen a snow-shoe, imagine an oval frame-work, from thirty-five to forty inches in length, by eighteen broad near the center, with a couple of transverse bars to add strength to the frame, which is of the lightest and toughest wood, generally ash. The whole is covered with a network of moose or caribou-skin, cut into fine strips and so interlaced as to prevent the feet from sinking into the softest snow. When not in use, the shoes are slung upon the neck, and from their extreme lightness, incommoded the wearer but little.

To the uninitiated, snow-shoeing is slow and clumsy work. But Dave Blodgett had taken the opportunity, in these stormy days, to teach his party their use. And now, if not adept in the exercise, every one could use them handily, and they moved over the snow at a rapid pace, with Alf in advance. The Indian felt his importance, for was not even old Dave under his rule for the present?

"The durned Injun feels his oats," muttered Dave, in an aggrieved tone; "but I forgive him on account of the ravage. How fur is it, Alf?"

"Two hours."

"Fur from the lake?"

"Half mile."

Dave was dragging one of the sleds after

him, for they calculated on bringing home heavy game. For two hours they went over the snow until Alf halted and held up his hand.

"Moose thar!" he whispered. "You be boss now, Dave."

Dave held up his hand to get the direction of the wind, which was very light.

"Whar the gate, Alf?"

"This side," replied Alf.

"We've got the wind in our favor. I don't reckon they kin git over the drift, Alf?"

The Indian shook his head.

"Now you take yourself round to the other side of the yard, an' when you hear the coon holler three times, you show yerself on the bank. We'll be ready by that time at the gate," said Dave, again addressing the Indian.

Alf disappeared rapidly, and the party approached the opening called "the gate," which always breaks the bank of the yard.

Soon they came to a hard-beaten track, ten feet wide, the path of the moose in leaving the ravage. Peeping through the trees over the edge of a huge drift, at least ten feet high, the hunters saw a sight which filled them with wonder.

It was a circle of perhaps ten acres, which had grown up with small trees—the maple, mountain ash and buttonwood, for the most part. These trees were stripped of bark, small branches and leaves, in a manner almost beyond belief. Even the larger trees were denuded of their bark in the same manner.

A few solitary spruce, scattered here and there, had alone escaped the hunger of the moose, who seem to be averse to the taste of the spruce.

But the objects upon which their eyes rested with the greatest delight were a group of nearly fifty moose, congregated at the upper end of the ravage, where they were feeding. Some were stripping the bark and leaves from the trees; others were forcing aside the snow with the muzzle and forehoof to find the grass below; while others, fully satisfied, were lying at their ease upon the snow, unthinking of danger. All about the circle of the ravage the snow was dotted with the marks of wolf-tracks, for these cowardly, gaunt wretches prowl about the moose-yard, night after night, howling with impotent fury, but dare not attack the moose in his home, or even cross the yard.

At the sight of this noble game the younger members of the party could hardly suppress cries of joy. But there was "no time for foolishness," Dave said, and he stationed them upon the edge of the track through which the moose must pass to get out into the open country. The spare guns were laid beside them, and Dave, raising his hand to his lips, uttered the note of the "coon" with such startling distinctness and truth that Harry and Rufe looked up into the trees overhead to see where the coon was perched. At the same moment Alf sprang out upon the snowy rampart and dropped one of the fattest of the herd by a well-directed bullet.

A wild scene of confusion ensued as the startled herd, heedless of every obstruction which might bar the way, rushed down upon the leveled rifles of the hunters. That shuffling, deceptive, awkward trot carries the moose over the ground much more rapidly than one would suppose. With the head thrown back until the palmed horns almost rested upon the shoulder, they came down upon the track out of the ravage. Crack! The foremost plunged forward and lay dead upon the snow, for the unerring eye of Dave Blodgett was looking through the sights. The shot did not turn them, for they were wild with terror. Dave had time to load and fire again before they could crowd through the narrow passageway. Again and again the double-barreled rifles cracked, while the wild shouts of the hunters struck terror to the hearts of the fated game. A moment more and the herd are away across the snow, leaving four dead in the narrow way. But following on the traces of the herd came the hunters, loading as they ran. Each man selected an animal and was away in pursuit, and Alf could hear the shouts die away in the distance.

"Big heap fun!" muttered the Indian. "Bill Becker—(adjective)—fool! Me stay here all 'time, you much bet!"

And he began to butcher the moose left in his care, awaiting the return of the party. They came in, one by one, tired out. Jack alone was nowhere in sight. They shouted, and the icy forest only echoed back the sound of the guide's voice.

"You hound! you rascal! how dare you meet and caress my wife?" he shouted, and in his wrath he caught Vincent by the shoulder and hurled him with violence out upon the gravel walk.

Vincent Wilde recovered his position and stood with folded arms looking unflinchingly upon his successful, angry rival, as he answered him, coldly and fearlessly:

"I was engaged to Leola. You stole her from me. Before God you have no claim to her! If there be justice in heaven your sin shall be punished!" Then he went away, leaving her to the mercies of the monster who called her wife, with not the faintest conception of the diabolical revenge this mean, tyrannical man was capable of working out for them.

Mr. Platt turned and said to Leola, fiercely, as he went with her in to dinner:

"The day shall come when you will rue this."

He made the next few weeks a perfect torture to her. He informed her that he was

engaged to join his son Walter in Germany—whither he had gone to acquire perfection in the languages before entering mercantile life. He would be absent some three months. She, and his daughter, Annie, might occupy their time during his absence at home or at a foreign place which they choose to select.

Some five weeks after the departure of Leola's husband, her father handed her a paper, containing the following paragraph:

"W. Walter B. Platt, son, a well known merchant of this city, was drowned on the 13th of July while on his way to Europe to visit his son. He leaves a young wife and a large circle of acquaintances to mourn his loss."

Leola's feeling was one of intense relief. She could not mourn for the man who had brought her only regret, though she put on the outward symbol.

In his will he bestowed all his property upon Annie and Walter, except the homestead. That he gave to Leola, requesting her to live there after his decease.

When Leola Platt's year of widowhood expired she became the bride of Vincent Wilde. The honeymoon was spent in a delightful tour—where all American brides choose to go—through Philadelphia, Washington and Niagara.

It was a cool evening early in October. A grate fire had been lighted in the cosy library. Vincent had returned from an exciting, wearisome day in Wall street, and was comfortably reposing upon the lounge. Leola, in a small rocker beside him, held his hand in a close, loving clasp, and toyed gently with the brown lock which obstinately inclined toward his forehead. They were breathing those sweet sen-

taliments peculiar to honeymoons, and building such bright, beautiful, aerial castles for the future!

Two months after Mr. Wilde's departure Mrs. Quillion died suddenly, and when her will was opened, a clause in it read thus:

"I do hereby bequeath my personal property, my jewels, and the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to my niece, Leola Linton, on condition that she be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony with Walter B. Platt. If she fail to comply with my request, her personal property and jewels shall be given to my niece, Annie S. Platt, and said money shall be donated to certain charitable institutions herein designated."

"Leola, darling," Walter said, coming over to her side, and encircling her with his arm, as he rest left the library; "you do not believe I wish to marry you on account of the money? You know that I love you, that I have idolized you always!"

"Hush, Walter," she answered, gently, a wistful, yearning, beseeching tenderness in her voice. "I cannot be your wife. I am engaged to Mr. Wilde."

"To him whom you knew so little time. Oh, Leola, if you had not met him, you would have me!"

"I do not know," she replied.

"Leola, darling, I cannot give you up! He does not love you as I do! Your aunt willed it! I will never touch a cent of—"

"Walter," she interrupted, with infinite sorrow and reproach in her tone, "would you bid me be false to the truth, to my own soul?"

Then he left her. She did not marry him. A far sadder fate awaited her!

Her aunt intended her to marry the younger Walter B. Platt, but, through a clerical error in the will—an omission of the lawyer to place the word "Jr." after Walter's name—legally the bride belonged to the elder Mr. Platt, and he was not slow in observing his advantage and following it.

Leola's father would never have willingly pushed his daughter to the elder Walter Platt, for he loved her. But he was an enervated, selfish man, and in great financial trouble.

Mr. Platt had indorsed and redeemed notes for him, and was his partner in several speculative ventures.

He could not afford to offend him, and so all Leola's protestations, tears and entreaties were powerless to prevent her becoming the wife of a man she loathed.

She wrote a tender, touching, farewell letter to her lover, and quietly, hopelessly resigned herself to the position of the old man's wife.

She busied herself, during her husband's absence, with the superintendence of the grand old house of which she was mistress, and with her books, which were a passionate delight.

Afterward, when a more terrible sorrow unexpectedly crushed her, she reverted to those days holding much of quiet content.

Several months had drifted away. She was spending the day at her father's. All alone, she sat musing in the little vine-sheltered arbor, when a shadow darkened the archway, and Vincent stood with arms outstretched toward her. She gave a quick, glad cry and then stood still, sad, silent.

"Is this all the welcome my little girl has to give me, when I have traveled such a distance to see her? Have you been ill? Why haven't you written me?"

"Oh, Vincent! don't you know? haven't you heard? didn't you get my letter?"

"Heard what? I have had no word from you in months. I could not bear it! What is it, darling? Do not be afraid to tell me; nothing can change my love for you!"

A spasm of intense pain convulsed her white face, she turned from the proffered caress and said:

"Vincent! Vincent! If you had only been here! I am married!"

Then she told him all.

The golden afternoon drifted away. The twilight came. These two must part. Vincent rose to leave her, taking her two small white hands in his.

"Leola, it was a bitter, cruel wrong. We are both young. It can not last forever. You may be free sometime; I shall wait for you! Kiss me just once in memory of the days that have been."

She lifted her sweet, scarlet, quivering lips and her lover pressed his to them.

A fatal kiss, whose price was years of saddest suffering!

For, as the two stood in a last embrace, a step sounded upon the gravel without, and Leola's husband—angry, furious—confronted them.

"You hound! you rascal! how dare you meet and caress my wife?" he shouted, and in his wrath he caught Vincent by the shoulder and hurled him with violence out upon the gravel walk.

Vincent recovered his position and stood with folded arms looking unflinchingly upon his successful, angry rival, as he answered him, coldly and fearlessly:

"I was engaged to Leola. You stole her from me. Before God you have no claim to her! If there be justice in heaven your sin shall be punished!" Then he went away, leaving her to the mercies of the monster who called her wife, with not the faintest conception of the diabolical revenge this mean, tyrannical man was capable of working out for them.

Mr. Platt turned and said to Leola, fiercely, as he went with her in to dinner:

"The day shall come when you will rue this."

He made the next few weeks a perfect torture to her.

One morning he informed her that he was

engaged to join his son Walter in Germany—whither he had gone to acquire perfection in the languages before entering mercantile life. He would be absent some three months.

She, and his daughter, Annie, might occupy

their time during his absence at home or at a foreign place which they choose to select.

There was a swift patter of little feet in the hall, and little hands fumbled at the fastening of the door. Presently the knob turned and a child came into the room—a child whose face was like a flower, so pure, so fair and frail it was.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, running up to Alice, and seizing her hand in an eager, excited way, "did you know that papa was going away?"

"Yes, I knew it," Alice answered, slowly, without looking at the child's grieved face.

"And oh, mamma! he don't know